

Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty, and changes the great curse to a great blessing.—Opie Reed.

Honolulu Star-Bulletin

Do unto thyself as thou wouldst have others do unto thee. Thou wilt then do unto others as they wouldst have thee.—H. C. Morse.

HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN, MONDAY, MAY 14, 1917.

TWELVE

New Joan of Arc Gives France Medieval Thrill

Young Peasant Girl Said to Have Had Visions Like Maid of Orleans—Reported Now Kept in Seclusion By Catholic Clergy, Who Are Investigating Her

PARIS, April 1.—(By Mail).—The whole of France is stirred from end to end by the reported appearance of another Joan of Arc in the person of a young peasant girl named Claire Perchaud, who claims that it has been revealed to her in visions that she is ordained to put herself at the head of the French army and drive out the German invader.

The mystery has deepened into one of the most extraordinary affairs for many generations owing to the fact that the Catholic church, apparently with implicit belief in the genuineness of Claire Perchaud, has sequestered her. She is now in the charge of nuns in Paris, where none but the sisters can approach her.

At the archbishopric, where I solicited a statement on the case, it was stated that the primates absolutely declined to discuss the girl with callers. "But," it was added, "you may say that the ecclesiastical authorities of France are making a profound inquiry into all the circumstances of the visions of Claire Perchaud. We must refuse to give any opinion or allow the matter to be referred to, even in the pulpit, until our inquiry has been completed."

The modern Maid of France is 20 years old, and is the daughter of a farmer, living at Puy-Saint-Bonnet, near Cholet, a few miles south of the Loire and not far from Chinon, whither Joan of Arc journeyed in the 15th century from her birthplace, Combray, to place herself at the head of the army which drove back the English army that besieged Orleans.

Mythic Joan Perchaud is a typical peasant girl in her dress and style, but instead of the plump, rosy cheeks of the girls of the Vendee, she has the pale, ascetic look of a religious devotee, with deep, luminous black eyes. From her childhood she was somewhat of a mystic, with intense religious leanings. Although she helped her parents in their farm work for many years, she never missed her religious devotions morning and evening, and for many miles around she was known for her precocious piety several years before the war broke out.

A few months ago she returned from the fields one day, pale and exhausted, and confided to her parents that while she was working the Sacred Heart appeared above her head and said a word of glory. At the same time mysterious voices whispered to her to be an aid and deliver France from the German invaders.

The story spread like wildfire round the country, and then began a remarkable succession to her parents' farm by all the people of the countryside for many miles around. Poor peasant folk journeyed miles on foot, or by wagon or railway, to pay before Claire Perchaud the homage of fathers, husbands or brothers fighting for France at this moment, falling devoutly to their knees, to pray for divine protection for their soldier kin.

The clergy at the outset paid little heed to the story of the visions and the consequences, though the pilgrims came with exhortations to the peasant people to rely on the mercy of heaven to save their men from the hands of the enemy. When, however, the pilgrimages to the Perchaud farm and the military had become an obsession throughout the Vendee, the matter was referred to the bishop of Poitiers, who immediately sent a Father of the Oblate community to interview the girl.

His story unfolded a favorable report on the girl's religious fervor and stated that hours of questioning had failed to weaken one jot her belief in the vision of the Sacred Heart and the mysterious whisperings.

The bishop of Poitiers thereupon had the girl brought before him in the presence of other priests. The priest was the ordinary confessor of a country cure and sought to dissipate his high dignity from Claire, but at length she had never before seen him in his priestly robes, she immediately identified him and addressed him in the orthodox manner. She is said to possess a special prominence in such matters.

It was decided to send her to Paris, where the archbishop might see her, and here she has been sequestered since the beginning of Lent in the Home of the Sisters of Wisdom in the Avenue Victor Hugo. Thousands of attempts have been made in vain to see her.

Goes to Worship Daily

Every day Claire Perchaud, accompanied by two sisters, goes to the church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre and passes hours in religious devotions. Mention of this in the local papers, sent thousands of people, mostly women, to the famous basilica in the hope of obtaining a glimpse of the mystery girl, but to their intense disappointment they found that she worshipped in a private chapel.

So profoundly has the affair gripped the imagination of the people that it threatens to develop into a political matter. Already the leading Socialist organ, L'Humanite, has publicly charged the clergy with persecuting Claire Perchaud, and with wantonly sequestering her.

This unconfirmed hint of maltreatment has angered the Catholic press, which, while refraining from giving details on the strict orders of the archbishop of Paris, denounces the tactics of the church's enemies in making this mystery another occasion for attacking Catholicism.

In republican military circles a mere suggestion of the possibility that a patriotic female mystic should lead the French army is laughed to scorn. "People forget," it is said, "that Joan of Arc came forward in an age of darkness. Religious fanaticism was a valuable asset in the armies of those days, but try it on German batteries and poison fumes and see how far it will carry you."

Ms. Perchaud has written as follows to her parents:

"My Dear Parents—I understand that a very great deal of interest has been aroused throughout France concerning me. I consider it rather pretentious to suppose that it is I who claim to be able to save France. It is neither I nor any human agent, but a divine power from on high, and it may be that I am chosen instrument of that power. If anyone seeks any information about me, say nothing. Ask everyone to pray for me, but do not feed the idle curiosity of callers."

The slightest doubt is felt that Ms. Perchaud wrote this letter at the behest of the ecclesiastical authorities of Paris.

Attached to the Perchaud farm is a small chapel where Claire worshipped alone. At the foot of a tiny altar stands a small statue of the Virgin Mary, alongside which is a basket filled with the photographs of soldiers at the front. More than 30,000 such photographs have been deposited at the foot of the altar.

The bishop of Poitiers, Mgr. Humbrecht, says that a special ecclesiastical commission is now inquiring into the case, and has not yet reached any decision. The priest of the village from which Ms. Perchaud comes said to an interviewer:

"In order to prove the reality of her mission, Claire, who is absolutely uneducated and never earned the slightest proficiency certificate at school, is now writing these visions which reveal faculties quite extraordinary in a farm girl. For instance, none of her papers on the mass are worthy of the admiration of theologians and professors of canon law."

The most curious of the mission attributed to Ms. Perchaud is to induce the French authorities to change the national standard, or rather to add a religious emblem in silk to the existing standard, which is the tricolor. If this is done the end of the war will be near. This is the message of the "internal voices," which whisper to the girl.

Throughout the countryside the story has gone round and been readily accepted that Gen. Lyndey, who resigned from the war ministry the other day, was forced to leave office because he refused to give a command to this modern Joan of Arc! In reality, Gen. Lyndey resigned because he had no confidence in the ability of the deputies to keep military secrets, and said so from the tribune of the chamber.

BEAUTY CHATS

By EDNA KENT FORBES

One's Public Appearance

ONE OF THE HIGHEST things the average woman finds is to seem graceful and at her ease during public appearances. Every woman is called upon at various times to occupy the attention of a large number of people—it may be addressing club meetings, it may only be while in charge of some church entertainment. And at such times, commanding the full attention of a number of people, she naturally wants to appear at her very best.

Few things will give a woman this feeling of ease more quickly than a pretty dress. Knowing that she looks all right, that she is dressed to draw the admiration of her audience, she will quickly assume the air of leadership that is hers so long as she holds the platform. She should be, as an actress friend puts it, "pleasantly unconscious of the fact that she is looking awfully well."

For the rest, ease comes with repeated appearances. The first time you are called upon to assume a prominent place, you may feel a bit like you did the first time you spoke a piece in school. The next time you will feel more at home, and pretty soon you will come to feel at all self-conscious.

Remember, though, that while in a crowd of people, you are overlooked by many, on a platform you are the center of all eyes, and that the thoughts of those in front of you are apt to stray from a deep consideration of your words to a careful consideration of your looks. Be sure that you are as pretty as you can make yourself, and before you leave your own room, take a careful survey of yourself from all sides. A casual glance may seem to show everything just right, but a view from the back and the sides will assure you that you are looking well from all angles.

Questions and Answers

I have been following your Beauty Chats for some time. I think they have done me good because they have made me look myself over and try to improve all my weak points. Now this last evening I have a question, it's about clothes, but clothes

make you beautiful or homely, as I want your advice. I have a hundred dollars to spend for my entire winter outfit, and want you to suggest what sort of clothes to get and approximate prices to pay. Also colors, as I am blonde, and I have light brown hair, grey eyes and a yellow skin.—Adelaide.



A woman's appearance in public is always important. She wants to look her best.

Reply.—Try a gray wool jersey suit for \$25; a white and a navy-blue silk blouse, \$12 each; two cotton voile suits, \$15 each; two pairs high shoes, one pair gray, one black, \$5 and \$7 respectively; pair black satin slippers, \$3; dark blue serge dress, embroidered in color, \$12; blouse from coffee dress frock, \$15; three pairs black silk stockings, \$3; green silk petticoat, \$5; two hats, \$1 each; and the remaining \$5 for underclothes and gloves, handkerchiefs and other accessories. This gives you a nicely complete wardrobe.

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Revolution To Change Musical Compositions

LIVERPOOL, England.—Revolution in Russia will mean a complete change in the nature of Russian musical compositions, in the opinion of Theo Kuschel, president of the Russian Association of Musicians, who is now in Liverpool.

"Throughout the whole of Slav, but especially of Russian music, one is confronted with a ceaseless note of melancholy. The minor key pervades the whole of Chopin, Glinka, Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky. This minor note haunts even the songs of the peasant, as for instance the beautiful song from Glinka's 'Life for the Czar.' It is supposed to typify the devotion of the mouth of Russian peasant, for his emperor."

"That beautiful song expresses the sentiments of a peasant soldier dying for the czar. But now that the peasants have found out that it is nobler to die for Russia than for a Romanoff, a new glorious note will ring through Russian music, and we shall take a new place among the great musical nations of the earth, because of the gladness of our sons, and not because of their sadness."

"What a change it will be! Imagine a joyous Chopin—he was a Slav as much as any Russian. Imagine a laughing Glinka or a light-hearted Tchaikovsky. It will come as a revolution even to ourselves."

Twenty-five hundred bundles of discarded clothing and shoes have been received by the bundle week committee of the United States Hebrew Charities.

Bronze Bells Of Juarez Are Interesting

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. JUAREZ, Mexico.—The bronze bells which call the faithful to worship each evening and morning in this quaint old Mexican town have a history as interesting as that of the old mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe, from the tower of which they hang. Hammered by hand in the Toledo foundries of old Spain, these bells were brought to Mexico by the Franciscan fathers, carried overland to the border and hung in the adobe tower from the same beams which support them today.

The bells have been rung so many times the inside has been beaten away. During the battle of Juarez, in May, 1911, the old bells could be heard ringing in the silence of the night, which was punctured only by the occasional rifle shot of a revolutionary sniper. This ringing was caused by the bullets hitting the larger of the four bells and the pits where the bullets scored may be seen plainly today. Some of the soldiers believed that these sounds were from an unseen hand and were a sign of approval for their revolution.

WOMEN OF LIHUE AIDING WORK OF U. S. RED CROSS

(Special Star-Bulletin Correspondence). LIHUE, Kauai, May 12.—With real patriotic enthusiasm the Lihue women have completed their first work for the American Red Cross.

Friday and Saturday they met and devoted the entire time to making and filling the comfort bags. On Saturday they served luncheon at the Hawaiian church and in the afternoon completed the last of the 200 bags assigned as the share of this particular organization.

Next week work will be begun on bandages and will continue until the call comes for definite tasks.

A large ball was given on Friday evening, May 11, by Mr. and Mrs. William N. Stewart in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Allen C. Wilcox. The Lihue social hall was most attractively decorated with palms, ferns and cut flowers.

A large gathering of Kauai society people attended and danced until past the midnight hour. The Hawaiian music was especially fine and was generously applauded. Elaborate refreshments were served.

Members of the congregation of Kawaiaho church have been asked to attend a meeting at the church at 7:30 o'clock this evening to ascertain the reasons for the pastor and the board of deacons for the church and not allowing the Christian Endeavor Society to hold its regular meeting in the

School Gardening Wins Interest of Fathers-Mothers

Hearty praise of the Star-Bulletin's recent school and home garden contest was voiced yesterday by Hamilton P. Agee, director of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' experiment station, and E. K. Ball, manager of the Oahu Sugar Company's plantation at Waiwahu during the visit of Mr. Agee and other members of the station's staff to distribute seeds to the laborers.

During a tour of the plantation camps it was noticed that practically every little home had a garden, and the men and women, as well as the children, were eager to secure the free seeds offered them.

Mr. Agee and Manager Ball both expressed the opinion that the Star-Bulletin garden contest has laid the foundation for the campaign the experiment station is now waging to encourage all plantation laborers to grow food-stuffs by the free distribution of seeds.

It was pointed out that, as a result of the school gardens begun during the contest, the children have taken a keen interest in gardening both at home and at school, and that they have carried home to their parents their knowledge of the planting and cultivation of vegetables as secured in the contest.

SCHOOL GARDEN IDEA SPREADING FAST ON MAUI

(Special Star-Bulletin Correspondence).

WAILUKU, Maui, May 11.—"One hundred gardens for Kokea," is the slogan adopted by the Kokea school, according to L. R. Mathews, director of the county fair's children's department, who made a tour of the Kula district the first of the week. Also there will be about 75 gardens started by Wailuku children, Mr. Mathews reports.

"The enthusiasm everywhere over the garden planting idea is extremely encouraging," Mathews states. "The teachers are all interested, and the interest will not stop with the closing of the school term. A good many of the gardens are being made on the community plan as on school grounds and plantation camps where the plantations are plowing the ground and furnishing water, but in some districts there will be a great many gardens made at home by the children."

Trips to Honolulu Popular Prizes.
Mr. Mathews stated that the offer of six trips to Honolulu as first prizes has excited much greater rivalry than had been anticipated. The posters sent out a week ago have been well placed, and boys and girls everywhere are talking nothing but garden contest. "In fact it looks now as though we set our mark too low when we fixed upon 1000 gardens for Maui," Mathews declared.

The department received a large supply of seed through the territorial

Walden Paintings On View For Second Week

The second week of the free public exhibition of paintings by Lionel Walden, at the home of Mrs. Charles M. Cooke, Beretania and Kapiolani streets, begins today with the prospect that the steadily-growing interest created by this unusual display will come to a deserved climax.
Alfred R. Gurnee, Jr., who conceived and arranged this exhibition, has mounted on the specially-installed display walls of three rooms at Mrs. Cooke's residence a very fine collection of paintings, large and small.

In sum, they represent Walden's work for the past three or four years, virtually all being Hawaiian scenes. None of the paintings are for sale. They are now owned mostly by residents of Honolulu.

As a marine painter Mr. Walden long ago won a recognition far wider than anything Honolulu can give. But lack of a large circle of appreciators and critics here has not lessened his sincere efforts nor made him indifferent to technique. He paints not for an audience, but for truth and vision.

Such a splendid marine as "Surt in Moonlight," for instance, would grace

any gallery. To mention only a few of the 30 or more very worthy paintings out of the 45 on display, he is well represented in this fine view of rolling surf referred to; in "Sunset Glow," "Waikiki Beach, Moonlight," "Waimea Beach," "Evening, Lualaba," "Wind-Swept Sea," "Off Molo-kai," and "Sunlit Waters."

Of course all eyes are immediately attracted by his volcano paintings. He has several, catching Pele and her surroundings in varying moods. A good many have felt that his night volcano is his best, but the present writer prefers that seen in a half-light when the pinkish glow is beginning to burn a deeper hue and the grays melt and darken.

Some of his small bits are superb. There is one of Waikiki Beach at night, with the lights twinkling in the massed blackness of heavy foliage all along that splendid sidewalk of shore, with Diamond Head bulking in the distance and a moon floating up above the skyline. His surf fairly moves in the sunlight or under the mellow moon.

The exhibition by all means should be well patronized this week. The hours are from 10 to 5 daily, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 7:30 to 9, and on Sunday from 3 to 5.

FAIR LOS ANGELES SKEPTIC DOUBTS THOSE HAWAII SONGS

"Are They Really Wearing 'em Higher—Higher—Higher in Hawaii?" She Asks—Referred to Chamber of Commerce

BY FLORENCE LAWRENCE

In the Los Angeles Examiner. Do you believe in "songs"? Are you suddenly inspired with an overwhelming desire to visit Hawaii when you hear a group of dancing chorus girls sing about "peaches on the beaches" and the swaying grass skirts of Waikiki?

Everybody knows that it pays to advertise. That's a time honored tradition now. But the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce better look out. Ad clubs all over the country now are on the trail of those who overadvertise, and to the cautious more or less skeptical critic it would appear that Hawaii is just the least bit over advertised.

That's only a supposition. Perhaps the islands are like the songs synthet. But the question is, would a traveler have a justifiable complaint on the charge of obtaining money on false pretensions if he embarked on a seven days' journey to Hawaii and when he got there found it wasn't a bit like the songs? Could he collect damages from the Hawaiian Men's League or whatever it is that heads the tropic community if he found the girls wearing less ordinary shirtwaists and skirts? Unless they were unusual skirts, and prevailing styles in our own home town make the attainment of the "unseen skirt" something rather difficult.

For the past six months we have marketed division the first of the week, and Mr. Mathews and a delegation of boy scouts at the Alexander House gymnasium have been busy ever since putting them into packets and sending them out to committees which have their ground ready for planting. The scouts are also busy

been hearing that they were "higher—higher—higher in Hawaii." Now is that really so or is it just a song? In any event, Honolulu is in danger. If the songs are not true the "truthful advertisement" something just as good, and if they are true—the "Reformatory League" ought to go and take a look.

Enthusiastic advertising campaigns have long taught us to laughingly refuse "something just as good," and if we should go to Honolulu and find that the policemen had not "thrown away the shirtwaists" and were not "playing hide-and-seek" with a local complaint to register. No matter how beautiful the girls or how resplendent the silvery strand at Waikiki, if they're not according to advertisement in the songs we are just disappointed.

Good authorities now assure us that the natives of the South Sea Islands are adopting Mother Hubbards and overalls for daily wear. How rapidly does the garb of civilization encroach upon our most cherished preserves. This fact arouses our horrid fears.

Is Hawaii still immune from dress reform? Does it still encourage the grass skirt and the hula hula? Some writers have aroused the highest anticipations in the minds of their readers, and we believe them if some accidentals but "willing-to-be-amused" traveler finds out that their pictorial fancies of tropic life in Hawaii do not line up with the real thing.

planting in beds such seeds as onions, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., and plants of these instead of seed will be later distributed. This method was decided upon owing to the scarcity of many varieties of seed and the likelihood that there will be a still more serious shortage.

Crystal White
THE "BILLION-BUBBLE"
LAUNDRY SOAP

It makes the clothes so much whiter.

For Sale at all Grocers

He Smiles—
when he sees a cup of delicious

INSTANT POSTUM

This wholesome food-drink cheers without demanding the after-price of nervous reaction, because it contains none of the harmful elements of tea and coffee.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers.